

The Jolly TAR's

GARLAND,

Furnished with two comical

New Songs.

I. The Jolly Tar,

II. A Dialogue between *Will* and *Jack* concerning the Press.



Licensed and entered according to Order.



The jolly Tar's G A R L A N D, &c.



*The Vice admiral's Advice to all loyal heart-
ed Men, with the Seamen's Resolution to
fight the French and Spaniards.*

COME all you valiant Seamen,
And each brave jolly Tar,
Come let us try our Fortune,
On board a Man of War.

Oh! the *French* hath broke our Peace Boys,
In the Lands of *America*,
But Royal *George* of *England*
Is Governor by Sea.



There's both the *French* and *Spaniards*,
They are all join'd in League,
They mean to take the *Indians*,
And rob us of our Trade:
But we will shew them Play Boys,
As we have done before,
And make the Dogs to tremble,
On board a Man of War.

America was invaded,
By a cowardly Popish Crew,

And

But Boys we soon defeated them,
 As that we proved true;
 Their Policy we soon found out,
 Brave Boys you need not fear,
 And we'll boldly face our Enemies,
 On board a Man of War.

There's many a Man in the Nation,
 Who dare not shew their Face,
 They lurk among the Sculkers,
 Which prove to their Disgrace:
 But if any jolly Seaman
 Will enter Volunteer,
 He now may be advanced,
 On board a Man of War.

There's Riches to be got Boys,
 While we are on the Main,
 And many a Rich Prize,
 From the *Spaniards* we have ta'en.
 We rob them of their Merchant Goods,
 Which they have brought from far,
 And we boldly Face our Enemies,
 On board a Man of War.

There's many a lusty Seaman,
 That now doth change their Dress,
 And flies up to the Country,
 All for to shun the Press:
 But Boys, we'll try our Fortune,
 And venture Volunteer, And

And boldly Face our Enemies,
On board a Man of War.

If once our Royal Fleet,
Were fit out for Sea,
We soon would beat the *French*,
And gain the Victory;
We will soon cut down their Riggings Boys,
As we have done before,
And boldly Face our Enemies,
On board a Man of War.

The *Dutch* are so deceitful,
It's them we will not trust;
For by their cowardly Actions,
Many brave Men we lost:
The *Dutch* we will not trust Boys,
Lest they should us ensnare,
And we'll boldly face our Enemies,
On board a Man of War.

We always were a Terror,
Wherever that we came,
Likewise the *French* and *Spaniards*,
Do tremble at our Name:
The *Russians*, *Swedes* and *Portuguze*,
With us they have a Share,
We'll sweep the Seas where e'er we come,
On board a Man of War.

We make our Trumpets sound Boys,
Our Colours we do hoist, We

We make our great Guns rattle,
In taking of a Prize:

We make our great Guns rattle,
Whilst the Smoak it turns to Air,
And we'll boldly Face our Enemies,
On board a Man of War.

Boys, But when the Action's over,
We drink good Beer and Wine,
And on our Enemies Plunder,
We sumptuously do dine;
Our Prize we do divide Boys,
To every Man his Share,
Thus live we jolly Seamen,
On board a Man of War.

But when the Wars are ended,
And we get safe on Shore,
We make our Trumpets sound Boys
While our Cannons they do roar,
We do hoist up our Colours Boys,
Our Pendant in the Air;
To shew that *Britons* have gain'd the Day,
On board a Man of War.

Here's a Health to *George* our King Boys,
To him that wears the Crown,
And to all jolly Seamen,
That plows upon the Main.
Here's a Health unto all Mariners,
And each brave Volunteer, Wh

Who boldly faces their Enemies,
In the Time of War.



A Dialogue between Will and Jack.

WILL says to Jack, pray what News do you hear,
That puts our young Men in such Fear?
I think all the People they are run mad,
For fear of the Prefs they won't lie in their Bed.

Through both Town and Country the News it is spread,
That the *French* are on the Seas our Land to invade;
And we're so faint hearted we dare them not face,
To say we are Cowards it is a Disgrace.

Our Farmers and Millers they are in such a Fear,
In Market or Fair they dare not appear,
In Place of themselves their Wives they now send,
Their Boys and their Girls with decrepid old Men.

Our Carriers and Carters which go on the Road,
They are so alarm'd by the News from Abroad;
The Word of the Prefs made them take to their Heels,
Like Goats on the Mountains they lie in the Fields.

Our Blacksmiths, Braziers, and Hammer-men all,
They say they won't fly whatever befall;
Why should we be afraid to venture by Sea,
Says Jack if I fly may the Devil have me:

Our Masons, Slaters, and Joiners, all three,
O cry'd the poor Waller, where shall I hide me,
In some remote Corner where I'll be secure,
Says Jack, if I fly I'm a Son of a Whore.

Our Tanners, Skinners, and Shoe-makers too,
They fled from the Town when none did pursue,
The Barber his Bason and Rasor laid by,
For fear of the Prefs to the Fields he did fly.

The

The Weavers have laid by their Shuttles and Looms,
 And some for fear have fled out of the Town,
 They are so affrighted a Spool they won't draw,
 But now our bold Sailors they must fight for all.

The Taylors they have laid by their Thimbles and Shears,
 As soon as the News it came to their Ears,
 Over Mosses and Moors, over Hedges and Ditches,
 And some with the Fright have soil'd all their Breeches.

Our Maltmen, Brewers, and Vintners too,
 Their Trade is so dead they have little to do,
 O said the bold Butcher, we'll all take our Chance,
 Let us now push our Fortune we are sure to die once.

O said the young Baker I value it not,
 Before that I fly I will die on the Spot;
 'Tis a great Shame to our Kingdoms all three,
 That both Town and Country such Cowards should be.

The Doctors and Lawyers do laugh at us all,
 Whilst our great Men and Merchants in Safety do dwell,
 As for the poor Pedlars they must take to the Plow,
 Lest the Press-master he should them pursue.

Our Men in the Fields they lie all the Night,
 Which puts their poor Wives in a terrible Fright,
 Bad Luck to such Cowards that are so afraid,
 To give Ear to all Stories and Lies that are said.

If the King he wants Men Boys you need not to doubt,
 Though they lurk in private he'll soon find them out,
 And count them all Rebels by the National Laws,
 Who dare not appear in their Country's Cause.

This News to the *French* it will be a fine Sport,
 When they hear of our Behaviour in every Port;
 This makes the proud *French* to rally again,
 O fie upon Cowards, I can't call you Men.

If the *French* should invade us pray what should we do?
 Like Hound after Hare they would us pursue:
 But if I may presume the Truth for to tell,
 Our greatest Enemies here amongst us do dwell.

For in the late War their Roguery was known,
 They robbed their Neighbours in Country and Town,
 For Murder and Plunder was all their Delight,
 By those treacherous Rogues we are ruin'd quite.

Interlopers and Sculkers here among us do dwell,
 Who was their Forefathers they scarcely can tell:
 By Falshood and Lies we are ruin'd so,
 Who scarce can discern our Friend from our Foe.

The Dregs of all Nations for Shelter does run,
 And for their Safety here to *Britain* they come;
 Our King to no Mortal no Hatred does bear,
 The Jews from *Bohemia* are harboured here,

It is a sad Thing that our Country Men,
 Should fight against us the *French* to defend,
 There was a free Pardon given out to them once,
 But our Runnagates they lurk now in *France*.

May the Heavens protect us both by Sea and Land,
 That like brazen Walls our true *Britons* may stand,
 The *French* and the *Spaniards* their Fleet we will rout,
 Since their treacherous Plot we now have found out.

Says, Willy the Poet, I've little to lose,
 To fight for King *George* I'll never refuse,
 I'll go to the Wars and a Soldier I'll be,
 Or else a Marine for to fight them by Sea.

Come let us take Courage and face the proud *French*,
 And by Force of Arms beat them from their Trench;
 We'll soon make them fly as we have done before,
 Now my Song is ended and I'll add no more.

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